

## THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

For the Native American.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF OUR CAUSE—ITS PROGRESS, DOCTRINES, AND PROSPECTS.

MR. EDITOR—Sir: Having in my last communication discussed in a succinct manner the progress of our Association, I now proceed in the same brief way to treat of the remaining branches of my caption.

At the meeting to which I there referred, a Preamble and Constitution having been adopted, which are before the public, and subject to their decision, we have been warmly and violently attacked for entertaining certain political opinions, which we promulgated without fear or concealment—leaving them to stand or fall, according as they deserve. We are abused for believing that we would be better and more honorably governed, were the power vested and confined in the hands of native citizens. Our opponents, ignorant of history, or blind to experience, deny the evidence of human governments; and with the fact against them, that in all countries, and at all times, the natives have been jealous of foreign influence, and resolved upon administering their own affairs, they foolishly expect us to waive our inborn and inalienable right of self-government in their favor, and allow ourselves to be ruled by those who are strangers to us and to our institutions. We ask, then, if a case were to occur, in which their own government conferred official and political favor upon foreigners from our country, would they not be heard protesting against such an unjust and unnatural course of policy, and endeavor, so far as law and reason allowed, to preserve their public coffers and official posts free from our touch and enjoyment? We have but to recur to the annals of the world—to the histories of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, &c. &c., to substantiate our position, and prove its justice and universality.

We are abused because it is our desire to repeal or modify the existing laws on naturalization. As to this, enough has been already said, I imagine, to put that objection to sleep. An application has been made to Congress. Is there any thing wrong or unconstitutional in this? Why! the sacred right of petition is denied to none of us—not to the humblest in the land! We appeal to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress. Where, Sir, is the injustice, so complained of, in this? If the great Council of the Nation do not grant our prayer, we will have to do the best we can, and submit to the decree. Is our Memorial dictatorial, or violent, or denunciatory, or unjust? We defy any impartial, well organized mind, to condemn either the tone or temper, however much men may differ as to the subject matter of the petition. Is the voice of one thousand subscribers—free citizens, and native born of the land, to be mocked and slighted, when they seek a hearing and redress, in a manly, yet respectful manner? Sir, the howl of denunciation from the base and ignorant may swell and increase, but we tell our sore and ungenerous opponents, that the Memorial of native citizens will and must be heard respectfully, if not favorably, by the Representatives of an American People.

Our Memorial is to be tested by its own merits, and not by the silly declamation of ignorant foreigners and aliens. We are tired with repeating that we meddle not directly or indirectly with local politics or religion. It appears that we are not to be judged by what we say or do, but by the sayings and doings of our foes and slanderers. We shall, however, go on in the independent course we have commenced, laughing to scorn the taunts and falsehoods of our opponents, raising aloft the glorious banner of the Constitution, steering aloof of the petty factions of the day, and respecting, as too sensitive and holy, the institutions of religion. We point the world fearlessly to our Constitution—we challenge the public investigation into the course of our Association, and the doctrines and language of our paper; and defy the traitor native, the unjust foreigner, and pauper alien, to find any thing which is in reality or appearance, repugnant to our creed and objects, as officially promulgated to the American People.

We are accused of venal motives and designs, when we assert that the native ought to be preferred to the foreigner and alien in the distribution of office; and this is a favorite hobby with our opponents. Now, we merely answer, what is there unjust or unreasonable in this position? That when a foreigner and native are at the same moment applicants for a public post, and both as to character, recommendation, and qualifications, are equal—that in such a case, the latter should be preferred to the former, on account of his being born in the country. I will not dwell upon the reflection. That the one is a comparative stranger, is unknown except on the testimonial of others, has no claims, and his allegiance is acquired, not inborn; whilst the other is a native of the land, we may learn his antecedents, his family, the character he bore in his own city or State, and can depend more upon a faithful fulfilment of the duties by reason of that love of country which all universally possess and preserve.

My limits do not allow of detailed illustration, but for those who are inquisitive and search for information, I refer them to the back numbers of your paper, where, editorially and by correspondence, the point is fully and thoroughly discussed and established. Are we unjust when we seek to purify our ballot box, preserve our institutions from foul pollution, and purge our official departments by arresting the torrent of degraded emigration which is setting in with augmenting energy and force upon our shores? Or rather is it not the course of justice, prudence, and self-defence, to keep those from power, who at home, were base born, uneducated, unprincipled, and squalid with misery and want, and are not a whit changed by a change of place? Inasmuch as from the ignorant, the unprincipled, the wicked, and the outcast, wisdom, honesty, and discretion are not to be expected, so do we as natives protest in bold and fearless language against the encouragement or toleration of a public nuisance and stain upon our national dignity and interest. Let the reader peruse the remarks, arguments, and statistical facts contained in your columns, and my word for it, if a spark of native pride or patriotism dwell within him, that his surprise, alarm, and indignation, will be excited to a blaze.

We ask, with an able and logical writer in the Quarterly Review of last September, when he alludes to the laxity in the conferring of naturalization upon the swarms of paupers and convicts who daily vex and tax us for their support, "Is this policy, or is it justice? It can be neither the one nor the other; it is the result of a levelling spirit—the romance of infatuated ignorance, founded on the vanity so peculiar to this country, that an immediate elevation of feeling, a sudden revelation of the spirit of liberty, seizes the dull and

tame mass as soon as they tread the shores of the Republic." I commend this to the reader's reflection; and since my object is to condense our doctrines and objects for the purpose of bringing them before the eye in one glance, with the intention of continuing my remarks, I sign myself as usual,

For the Native American.

MR. EDITOR: I will only, by way of prelude, remark, that I flatter no man; therefore, you will not deceive yourself, when I express my entire approbation of your course as Editor of the "Native American Association of the United States." You, Sir, have put on the armor, and having taken the lead, you have battled nobly in the sacred cause. "Our country, always right—but, right or wrong, our country!" Let your course be like the mountain wave, onward, onward—neither turn to the right nor to the left; regard not the missiles of renegade foreigners, transported paupers; the Paddies stuffed on the 17th of March, countenanced and supported, by our rulers, the Doctor Rock politicians of the day—John's-sons, or sons of Jack—like the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. It's all sound, regard not their gibes, their taunts, nor the hiccup pass them by, like the idle wind. Oppression cemented the old thirteen United States together for self-defence; and like causes, will produce like effects. Therefore, I hazard nothing in asserting it as my opinion, that the wrongs heaped upon us by the influx of degraded foreigners, let loose upon our shores, to beg, to steal or murder, must and will drive to our standard—The Native American Association, (in self-defence)—every true hearted American citizen. Then, Sir, the inquiry will be as to the names of those patriotic and true men, who first dared to unfurl the banner of their country's cause, and enroll their names under that of "The Native American Association" in Washington City.

We have been backed, in this undertaking, by the opinions of Washington, Jefferson, and other distinguished American citizens; and I beg leave to add another Star, and that Star is Benjamin Franklin, and shall quote his opinions, as expressed so far ago as the year 1751, upon our then colonies. He says:

"The importation of foreigners into a country, will, in the end, be no increase of people, unless the new-comers have more industry and frugality than the natives; and, in that case, they will provide more subsistence, and increase in the country; but they will gradually eat the natives out. Nor is it necessary to bring in foreigners to fill up any occasional vacancy in a country; for such vacancy (if the laws are good) will soon be filled up by natural generation. Who can find the vacancy made in Sweden, France, or other warlike nations, by the plague of heroism forty years ago—in France, by the expulsion of the Protestants—in England, by the settlement of the colonies—or in Geneva, by a hundred years' exportation of slaves. In fine, a nation well regulated, is like a Polypus; take away a limb, its place is soon supplied; cut it in two, and each different part shall speedily grow out of the part remaining. Thus, (if you have room and subsistence enough,) as you may, by dividing, make ten Polypuses out of one; you may, of one, make ten nations, equally populous and powerful; or, rather, increase a nation tenfold in number or strength."

Again: "On the increase of mankind," Dr. Franklin thus remarks: "The powerful influence of manners in increasing a people, is manifest from the instance of the Quakers; among them industry and frugality multiplies and extends the use of the necessities of life. To manners of a like kind are owing the populousness of Holland, Switzerland, China, Japan, and most parts of Hindostan, &c.; in every one of which, the force of extent of territory and fertility of soil is multiplied, or their wants compensated by industry and frugality."

Now, Sir, the foregoing opinions of Dr. Franklin, in my opinion, are worthy the grave consideration of our Legislatures, and is one of the strongest arguments that can be advanced in support of the cause we advocate—to exclude all foreign paupers from our shores, and to procure a repeal of the Naturalization Law—as, likewise, to exclude all foreigners from a participation in the management of our own affairs. The causes that advance or obstruct the increase or prosperity of a nation, are external or internal—physical, civil and personal; under which last head, I comprehend the moral and mechanical habits of a nation. These causes united, constantly acting on, thereby, insensibly, as well as sensibly, altering one another, either for the better or worse, not excepting the climate or the soil, but plainly mark the character of a people or a nation.

J.

Execution of W. Bennett.—We learn from a correspondent, that "William Bennett, convicted in the supreme court of law and chancery, at the October term, 1838, held for the county of Pittsylvania, for a murder scarcely having its parallel in the annals of crime, was executed on Friday the 19th of January. The prisoner was conducted to the place of execution in an open vehicle, followed by an immense crowd, but few of whom, he it spoken to their credit were females. On reaching the spot destined to end his pilgrimage, the crowd was addressed in a feeling and appropriate manner, by the Rev. Charles Callaway, of the Methodist Church; at the conclusion of which, the prisoner, in a firm and audible tone, made a short and pathetic address. Stating that he had committed a crime against the laws of his country, for which he had forfeited his life, that he believed in the record of the Father and the Son; he had prayed incessantly to his Lord and Saviour for the remission of his sins done in this world,—that he believed he was heard and pardoned,—that death had no terrors for him, and that he should die quiet and with a full hope of a glorious resurrection; he then ascended the scaffold and exclaiming, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," was launched into eternity in the 48th year of his age.—Lynchburg Virginian.

A LAWYER'S STORY.—Tom strikes Dick over the shoulder with a rattan as big as your little finger. A lawyer would tell you the story something in this way: "The said Thomas in and upon the body of the said Richard, in the peace of God and the State, then and there being, did make a most violent assault, and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, bumps, contusions, wounds, gashes, torts, damages, and injuries, in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, hips, knees, shins, and heels, of the said Richard, with divers sticks, staves, canes, poles, clubs, logs of wood, stones, guns, dirks, swords, daggers, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses, and boarding pikes, then and there held in the hands, fists, claws, and clutches, of him the said Thomas."

MILITARY GLORY.—The rolling drum, the rattling trumpet, the nodding plume, the waving banner, the bristling bayonet, the shining sword, the prancing steed, and the heavy ordnance, will roll yon the eyes of the veriest poltroon with heroic ecstasy, even in a time of confirmed peace; judge, then, how the real, genuine crack and bullet of a regular engagement must have thrilled the blood in the dusty veins of my old friend Josh—yes, Josh, for that is the name of a hero. Colonel Hunka, as he was called by the men, for no particular reason as I could ever learn, save that nicknaming superior officers in an abstract part of the military discipline omitted in the 'articles of war.' Col. Hunka commanded a detachment of cavalry on an expedition against the Indians in one of our Florida frolics, when the enemy 'bushed,' and under cover of this advantage picked off some of our best men. 'By the mountains of Maine,' swore the colonel, 'this won't do. Company, dismount,' he bellowed in a voice of thunder; 'every seventh man hold seven horses, the rest prepare for the bush and follow me!' and in an instant the thick wood was reverberating with the gallant cheers of a determined troop. The green leaves concealed what the quick report and the clashing steel gave notice was then going on. Josh could not stand it; his dander rose at every crack; at last, drawing his pistols from the holster, he bid the horses go to the devil, and bounded into the fray. The work was presently done, and the United States victorious. On the return of the party, the Colonel's horse, one of the seven entrusted to the care of Josh, was among the missing.

'Josh,' sung out the Colonel, with such energy that a rock about half a mile off echoed 'Josh!' And Josh appeared, with his face begrimed like that of a powder monkey, and bleeding on the temple from a slight blow from a tomahawk. 'Hereum I, Kurnel. Lord you needn't holler so. You must ha' thought I was in the mountains of Maine.' 'Rascal, where are the horses?' 'Awfully scorched, if they went where I told 'em to go.' 'You scoundrel!'—Corporal—Kurnel—Corporal, don't promotion me too far at once,' interrupted Josh, audaciously pretending to believe that he was about to be rewarded for the heroic exploit in which he had 'broke duty' to participate. 'You and I are townsmen, I believe,' said the Colonel, with cool anger, 'and are you not ashamed to disgrace your native village by mutiny in the ranks?' 'Well, I know it aint exactly according to law to disobey orders in no case; but look here, Kurnel,' said Josh, with a look full of meaning, 'when you go to our town, the gals will all say, 'O, Kurnel, tell us where you was in that 'ere skirmish.' And then you'll say, 'Me? O, I was in the bush, killing Ingens, certainly.' And then the gals will say, 'And where was Josh, Kurnel?' and then you'll say, 'Josh! O, Josh, let me see—Josh—ah, he was holding the horses'—No, I'll be hanged if you shall. I'll catch 'em, though,' and he was off like the skip of a flea, while the Colonel turned away to conceal a laugh.—Balt. Trans.

For some days past a considerable degree of excitement has been prevalent in the neighborhood of Pentonville and King's cross, London, in consequence of a report that a woman named Davis, residing at No. 19, North-street, had starved a girl, named Mary Barrett, who was apprenticed to her for the purpose of learning the straw-bonnet business. On Friday, the rumor having become known to the police, the inspector and two constables of the N division proceeded to the house for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the statement, but for some hours were unable to obtain admission, the mistress being out. On her arrival, however, they proceeded to search the premises, during which interval a large crowd had assembled in the street; and on examining one of the back rooms, which they found locked, the poor girl, who is between fourteen and fifteen years of age, was discovered huddled up in one corner of the room, without fire and scarcely any covering. She presented a most emaciated appearance. The mob, on hearing this statement, manifested their indignation by plastering the house with mud, and giving vent to reproachful epithets of every description. Information of the circumstances having been conveyed to the parochial authorities of Clerkenwell, Mountstevens, one of the beadles received orders on Saturday morning to go to the house, take possession of the girl, and bring her to the workhouse. On his arrival at the place, he found the house still surrounded by a mob of persons, whose aim was, if possible, to prevent Mrs. Davis from getting out the whole day. As their numbers augmented, the fury of the populace appeared also to increase. The palisades and brick wall of the garden in front of the house were speedily demolished, and the missiles which they yielded were hurled at the windows.

About nine o'clock on Saturday night the mistress appeared at the window to throw water over the multitude, which tended to exasperate them to such a pitch that the street door was burst open, and not only men but women rushed into the house, and having taken the sash out of one of the first floor windows, actually in the presence of not less than two hundred people inflicted bodily castigation on the woman Davis, whose screams of murder, accompanied by the shouts of the assembled multitude, brought a strong body of police to the spot, who found the greatest difficulty in affording protection to the object of their resentment. The mob did not entirely disperse till near one o'clock, shortly after which a cart was procured, and herself and goods conveyed from the scene of her disgrace. The poor girl, who has friends in Bedfordshire, is in a very low condition, but it is hoped, with care and attention, she may recover.—London Paper.

Since the publication of Miller's Prophecies, another clergyman has come out against him. It is the opinion of the latter that the world will not be destroyed in 1843, as predicted by the Rev. Mr. Miller. This is very consoling, and we begin to breathe freely again. That the reasoning of Miller's opponent is more ingenious than that of his antagonist, may be inferred from the fact, that while Miller convinced very few, the Public have very generally concluded, since the appearance of the other work, that the world will not be destroyed so soon as was talked of. For our part, we think they had both better mind their preaching, and let the world alone; it won't stop turning for them. A clergyman ought not to know much about the terrestrial globe, and the world has always gone better when the clergy have not meddled with it.—N. E. Galaxy.

The unfathomable quagmire in Ohio, called the 'Black Swamp,' so long the terror of mail contractors, and the torment of news-seeking editors, is to be expunged, and \$40,000 are appropriated by the Legislature to have it macadamized.

Nature gives us merit; chance rewards us for it.

SCRIPTURE GEOLOGY.—It is stated as a fact, by Moses, not in the first chapter of Genesis alone, but in many other parts of his writings, that in six days God created the heavens and the earth; while it is as confidently stated by modern philosophers, that there are facts in nature totally at variance with such an assertion. Both cannot be true. The matter is worthy of inquiry, and a few words will fortunately suffice. It is curious, we had almost said providential, that, at the very time the objections to the Mosaic account are beginning to be noised abroad, certain electrical discoveries have been made; which have confounded the wise as much as they have astonished the simple. It is not necessary for us to allude to them here, farther than to say, that we believe no truly scientific person now can hesitate for a moment to grant, that the operations of nature which, under ordinary circumstances, might require thousands of years to perfect them, might, under strong electrical influence, be produced in an incredibly short space of time; within a period, in short, directly in proportion to the degree of electric influence brought to bear on the materials employed. If, therefore, we find from the Mosaic account, that the earth must, at one period, have been under a peculiarly excited electric action, all objections to rapidity of formation become as unphilosophical, as they always have been unscriptural. It is too generally supposed that light dawned gently at the first, and broke in upon the earth by degrees, much in the same manner as we now see the sun breaking through a cloud. But such a supposition is at variance with all the rest of the description. The light 'was'—instantaneously burst forth in the darkness—in the very atmosphere itself. In this condensed atmosphere light or fire burst forth; and if its power and effects are, at this day, so wonderful, when proceeding from a body 95 millions of miles distant from us, what must they have been, acting in such a powerful atmosphere, in immediate contact with the earth! Let it be remembered that the earth was then under water; and let the attentive observer of nature say, whether there be any phenomena in the stratification of the earth, so far as they can be discovered, which are not explained, by the shell of the earth being under water while undergoing this concentrated action of electric fire?—or whether there be any one, amongst all the theories which have attempted to overturn the Mosaic narrative, which accounts so satisfactorily as it does for the formation of crystallized rocks, and of basaltic strata; for the pulverization of that part of the crust which came into immediate contact with the water, as well as for the diffusion of melted minerals through the fissures which the heat laid open?—Morrison's Religious History of Man.

### PIETY, REAL AND FALSE.

From a "Day on Lake Erie." Lit. Sov.

The sun was setting with a splendor and a glory unequalled even in the golden skies of fair Italia's land. Masses of cloud assumed every possible variety of wondrous form and gorgeous tint. Dark and mountainous appearances in the fore part faded in the centre to a clear and sunlit distance. Rocky steep and castellated crags, frowned over an extensive valley of inconceivable loveliness; and streams of shining silver meandered through the purple and yellow fields. It was a most remarkable combination of effect, and elicited general surprise and admiration. The whole of the passengers collected on the after part of the upper deck, and when the first expressions of d-light had passed away, they gazed in silence upon this striking development of the beauties of nature.

One of the passengers, a stout farmer-looking man, with his wife and daughter hanging on his arms, took off his hat, and said in a loud tone—"These are thy works, Parent of Good! The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, and the firmament proclaims thy handy works. Blessed be the name of the Lord God!"

These apocryphal quotations forcibly struck the minds of the standers-by, and, with one accord, the hats of the male passengers were removed from their heads. A holy feeling of reverential awe pervaded our bosoms as "we looked through nature up to nature's God."

A thin cadaverous-looking fellow took a hymn book from his pocket, and in a vaunting tone, requested his brethren to assist him in improving the occasion. He mounted the top of the rudder post, and gave out two lines of a hymn in a canting drawing manner, and led off the singing at the top of his voice. One or two of his friends joined in the discord, but the rest put on their hats, and turned jeeringly away.

"There," said my friend the Colonel, "you may note the difference between the effects of genuine impulsive piety and the second hand cant of the Pharisee—the outward spiritual sign and the inward spiritual grace. The righteous overmuch thrusts his worldly sanctity down your throat in disagreeable doses—but the voice of pure religion emanates from the heart and is sure to find a responsive chord."

Passing forward, I overheard one of the deck hands thus deliver himself "in communion sweet" with the firemen. "Them there sarn singers aboard boats is never no good. I went as hired help to two on 'em west o' the mountains and down the Mississippi; they were real stingy and mean—they'd pick a pismire off the ground, and steal the crumb out of his mouth. They used to preach and pray, and sing all day, and steal a nigger at night. They got caught in Loosey-avey, and Lynched right away; and I guess, if I hadn't a streaked, I should a been Lynched too, for keeping bad company."

The old Colonel bade me farewell, and, dreading the effects of the night breeze on the lake, retired to his berth. The lights of Cleveland, my port of destination, soon appeared in view. I selected my portmanteau from the general mass of luggage; and, while inquiring for a porter, I saw a police officer busily engaged in handcuffing the psalm singer. The constable had been some time on the watch for his victim, who was a principal agent for the western gang of counterfeiters.

### "NOT AT HOME."

"Is Mr. Bluster within?"

"No sir, he is out of town," replied the servant.

"When can I see him?"

"I don't know, sir; have you any special business with Mr. Bluster?"

"Yes, there is a small bill which I wish to settle."

"Well," said the servant, "I don't know whether he will return this week or not."

"But I wish to pay the bill, as I am about to leave town."

"Oh! you wish to pay him some money!—He is up stairs, sir—I'll call him. Please to walk into the drawing-room—take a chair, sir—your hat, sir, if you please—Mr. Bluster will be with you in a moment."—Amaranth.

BASTILE AMUSEMENTS.—In the 'History of the Bastille, and its Principal Captives,' recently published in London we have a curious account of the singular manner in which the celebrated Henry Masters de Latude contrived to solace hours of his long and dreary imprisonment in the Bastille. He was put into the Bastille at the age of twenty-five years, and was confined there thirty-five years, simply, for certainly a very clumsy attempt, to obtain the patronage of the King's sturmpet. The offence originated from the system of Government, which reduced that unhappy man to attempt to gain Court favors, by which so many others had acquired fame and fortune. Her beguiling his tedious incarceration is thus described.

Stripped and reclothed in rags, which were dropping to pieces, his hands and feet heavily ironed, the prisoner was thrown into one of the most noisome dungeons of the fortress. A sprinkling of straw formed his bed—covering he had none. The only light and air which penetrated into this den of torment, came through a loop hole, which narrowing gradually from the inside to the outside, had a diameter of not more than five inches at the furthest extremity. This loop hole was secured and darkened by a four fold iron grating so ingeniously contrived that the bars of one net work covered the interstices of another, but there was neither glass nor shutters to ward off the inclemency of the weather. The interior extremity of this aperture reached within two feet and a half of the ground, served the captive for a chair and table, and sometimes he rested his arms and elbows on it, to lighten the weight of his fetters.

Shut out from all communication with his fellow beings, Latude found some amusement in the society of the rats which infested his dungeon. His first attempt to make them companionable was tried upon a single rat, which, in three days, by gently throwing bits of bread to it, he rendered it so tame that it would take food from his hands. The animal even changed its abode, and established itself in another hole, in order to be nearer to him. In a few days a female joined the first comer. At the outset she was timid; but it was not long before she acquired boldness, and would quarrel and fight for the morsels which were given by the prisoner. When my dinner was brought in, says Latude, I called my companions; the male ran to me directly; the female, according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious, than my first acquaintance. After his second visit he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came accompanied by two others, who in the course of the week brought five more; and thus, in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. When I called them they came to eat with me, from the dish or off the same plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was soon forced to find them a dish to themselves, on account of their slovenly habits. They became so tame that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared to me pleased when I did; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining them in their gambols. Occasionally I threw them a piece of meat, scalding hot; the most eager ran to seize it, burned themselves, cried out, and left it; while the less greedy who had waited patiently took it when they were cold, and escaped into a corner, where they divided their prizes; sometimes I made them jump up by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air. In the course of a year his four-footed companions increased to twenty-six. Whenever an intruder appeared he met with a hostile reception from the old standers, and had to fight his way before he could obtain a footing. Latude endeavored to familiarize a spider, but in this he was unsuccessful.

### A VENETIAN LOVE SCENE.

Sweet solemn Venice! o'er thee fade  
Eve's latest hues of glory,  
While by yon shadowy colonnade  
Near Balbi's palace honied  
A youth, with passion kindled lip,  
And Taste's harmonious hand,  
Must still devoted vigil keep,  
Invoking Beauty bland.

"Appear, my lady love, appear—  
Look from thy latticed bower,  
And bless his sight who watches here  
The living twilight hour.  
The stars are out, and why shouldst thou,  
My peerless One, delay  
To flash upon me from thy brow  
A far divinest ray?"

"But others gaze upon thee now,  
And drink thy glorious smile,  
And make thy spirit mindless how  
Mine maddens here the while  
Ah, truant, why shouldst their dull praise  
My secret hour consume?  
Look forth, and with one gracious gaze,  
Make gladness of my gloom."

"Lo! jealous eye and ear are far,  
And fast the evening flies;  
Then loiter not, thou loveliest star—  
Young moon of beauty rise!  
Or is thy faith, like flower spray, broke,  
And—"

God! that leaning start!  
Keen, sudden, home! the poinard's stroke  
Has split his very heart!  
While on the air his song yet gushes,  
Life's stifled fountain stops;  
Dead on the rebeck that he crushes,  
The young Battista drops.  
And ere his murderer's skulking shade  
Has left the moonbeam bare,  
Damp in the soiling dust are laid  
Those curls of chestnut hair.

Forth from her bow'r the maiden wended  
At love's victorious call,  
Where broad the marble steps descended  
Upon the blue canal;  
A sudden brightness with her bringing  
As though from out the main;  
Its light the vanished day was flinging  
Through sunset's gate again.

"By yonder shaft he leans to hide,  
The proud impatient boy—  
I'll steal upon his song!" she cried,  
In glimphood's rosy joy.  
And glancing on like cushat fleet,  
She gained the red moonshine;  
By Heaven she stumbled and her feet  
Are flashing—not in time.

One look—but come—we'll leave her there,  
To madness and the moon;  
A sweet lute shivered by Despair,  
With every string in tune.  
A glorious bud from vernal earth,  
Snapt as its bloom was blown;  
A grace in beauty's bounding mirth  
Struck instantly to stone.

Literature in Baltimore.—Eight or nine of the Literary Societies in Baltimore have held a convention, and determined to establish a reading-room, and to give courses of lectures.